

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

[Second Article.]

The Hanging Committee have manifested excellent good taste and judgment in grouping together a cluster of lovely little pictures of kindred feeling and subjects, in the commencement of the catalogue, as you enter the large room on the left-hand side.

No. 1, to be sure, is placed so low down that you have to stoop your dignity and sit upon your heels to see its beauties, though, as it is a view of a valley from an elevated standpoint, it does not suffer so much from its being placed so near the ankles of the spectators as some of the others. It is a small landscape, by GIFFORD—warm and hazy, but rather yellow.

No. 2, by S. COLEMAN, is called in the catalogue "Blossoming—Grasshopper." The scene represented is a bank by the side of a grassy pool, with a view of a distant hill; two girls are seated on the side of the bank half buried in the tall grass. The merits of this little picture lie in the sweetness and gentleness of the sentiment which pervades it, and the delicacy and accuracy with which the grasses and flowers are delineated in the foreground. The flowers are rather obtrusive, and the two girls are not, like Prosperine, the fairest among them, as they should be. In fact, the young women rather mar than add to the beauty of the scene. Properly speaking, this is a flower-piece and not a landscape.

No. 3, A SKETCH IN COLOR—THOMAS HICKS, N.A.—This lovely little picture is full of voluptuousness and sensuous feeling. It is like a dreamy reminiscence of a diary; but, unless the artist possessed the inherent sentiment, and knew accurately the resources of his palette, he could not have produced such brilliant effects by his imitative talent. An old man, with a flowing white beard, is reading a romance or a poem to two listening women and to a shepherd who stands near, and whose interest in the narrative is most naturally expressed by his relaxed manner and broad knees. We only wish that Mr. Hicks would be content to confine himself to these little poems in pigments which are so suggestive to the imagination and so satisfying to the eye. Great pictures on small canvases are what we need for our small saloons and cozy apartments. Another good thing about them is, that it does not cost a fortune to frame them.

No. 4, PORTRAIT OF A LADY—W. S. MOUNT, N.A.—Whoever has seen one of this artist's life-size heads will regret that he should ever have painted one larger than this, which is one of the most creditable portraits we have seen from his easel.

No. 5, A SUMMER ROSE—GEO. A. BAKER, N.A.—The Summer Rose is a small sized portrait of a young lady with a rose in her hair. A very graceful and lovely picture, though the artist calls it a sketch.

No. 6, LUTHER NAILING HIS PROTESTATION TO THE CHURCH DOOR, IN WITTENBERG—THEO. KAUFMANN, N.A.—This is a large picture, or rather a large canvas, with a man in a brown gown in the center, nailing a placard against a door. It is nothing more, and we see no good reason for calling the man Luther, or the place Wittenberg. It is as devoid of sentiment and feeling as a paving stone.

No. 7, LAST SCENE IN LEAR—P. F. ROTHERMEL, H.—The last scene in Lear is a terrible subject and the artist has treated it in a terrible manner. The canvas is crowded with figures who all look exactly alike, as though they were members of the same family and had nothing to do but to stand and thrust their eyeballs out from their sockets by some extraordinary power. No living creature, except a lobster, ever had such protuberant visual organs. Mr. Rothermel possesses great facility of drawing and considerable skill in composition, but his pictures have a marvellous mannerism and a perfectly wonderful destitution of sentiment. There is nothing in poetry so touching and harrowing to the feelings as the last scene in Lear depicted in the fiery and agonizing words of Shakespeare. But there is not an emotion of any kind in the scene as represented by Mr. Rothermel.

No. 8, THE LAUGHING GIRL—J. E. FREEMAN, N.A.—There is a good deal of laughter in the face of the hearty Italian girl painted by Mr. Freeman, but it does not appear quite natural, it is too suggestive of a laughing model, and one is pained at the thought of a poor thing keeping herself on a violent grin at so much an hour.

No. 9, SKETCH FROM NATURE—A. D. SHATTUCK.—Nature is very well to sketch from, and this little picture shows that the artist knows how to interpret her secrets.

No. 10, THE RIVER SIDE—N. G. SHIFFERD—A little landscape with a good "distance."

No. 11, STUDY OF GRASSES AND FLOWERS—A. D. SHATTUCK—There is a perfect thing in it. Nothing could be better. The artist has put himself out to grass, like Nebuchadnezzar, and gone on his hands and knees to study his subject. There are sunshine, and showers, dewy dews and sweeping winds in this little bit of canvas. It is a genuine reflex of nature. A cool little rivulet winds its way through the grasses, and flowers spring up and blossom upon its margin, of their own sweet will. It is not a great picture, nor can we infer from it what the young artist can do beside, but he has so observant an eye, such an accurate hand, and so tender a love of Nature, that we can trust to his doing well whatever he may attempt.

No. 12, A PASSING SHOWER—R. S. FINE—A small landscape with a cold blue sky and well drawn clouds.

No. 13, GLEN OF THE DOWNS, IRELAND—ELIZA GREATHORP—The artist has a decided talent for landscape, and she has given us a good sky in this little picture; and a good sky is a very good thing. It is not every landscape that can boast of one.

No. 14, LANDSCAPE—J. R. BRAYVOORT.

No. 15, VIEW IN WALKS—G. WALL, H.—Mr. Wall used to exhibit sea pieces here in the earlier days of the National Academy, but he has been a long while in England, we believe. The "View in Wales" is not particularly characteristic of that country. It has neither the plume of three feathers with the Irish Den, nor a Welsh rabbit, nor a view of Penllyn; but it is a rather pleasing picture, and the trunks of the oaks are very well drawn.

No. 16, A GOOD SHOT—A. F. TAIT, A.—Is simply a full-length portrait of a huge black bear standing with his tail to the spectator. It is very boarish, but isn't anything else.

No. 17, LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD—JOHN T. PIERCE, A.—This is one of the best pictures in the exhibition, put in one of the worst places. You must break your neck in looking up at it. The subject is one of the most hackneyed that an artist can touch. Since Reynolds painted his Little Red Riding Hood, there must have been some millions of other representations of the same theme. Yet, it is so full of tenderness, and the innocence of childhood is always so touching, that artists may be excused for trying to give a new version to that old legend of the nursery. Mr. Pierce has achieved a great success. His Little Red Riding Hood is a bolder child than she has usually been represented. She is just stepping from her grandmother's door, with all the loveliness and innocence of the morning of life in her young face. The holyhocks which grow beside the door are admirable representations of that daintiness of the garden of the poor, and they seem to incline lovingly toward her.

No. 18, THE LATE REV. SPENCER H. COSE, D. D.—ALAN FISHER, A.—This is not a very good portrait of Dr. Cose, nor a very good picture.

No. 19, MR. BENTON, MANCHESTER, VERMONT—G. H. BOUTWORTH. We have no acquaintance with Mr. Benton nor with Mr. G. H. Boutworth, and therefore can have no prejudice toward either. We can say with sincerity that it is a very pleasant scene, very pleasantly represented. It is a very good picture.

No. 20, GOING TO SCHOOL—JEROME THOMPSON, A.—Going to school is a genuine New-England landscape, with some children playing in the foreground, who do not appear to be going anywhere. The children are weak and clumsy, and do not add in the least to the value of the picture.

No. 21, GOING TO MILL—WM. RANNEY, A.—A boy on a horse standing in a pool of water. The remarkable thing about this picture is the appearance

which every object in it has of being made of the same material. The horse, the trees, the earth, the sky, the water and the rocks are all alike, composed of the same substance.

No. 22, FOREST SCENERY: NEAR FRANKFORT, GERMANY—J. VOLLMER, A.—There is too much of this picture; if the forests in Germany are so brown and dismal as Mr. Vollmer has represented this scene near Frankfort, they are very different from what the German poets and romancers have told about them.

No. 23, PORTRAIT OF A LADY—GEORGE A. BAKER, N.A.—Mr. Baker is one of the dawning lights of Art in this country, and this head justifies the expectation which his earlier portraits excited. It is the portrait of a lovely girl, painted with singular purity, and most gracefully and naturally posed. The background and accessories are not good, but they are not glaringly bad. There can hardly be a question that it is the best female portrait in the Exhibition, and a better one is not often seen. The arms and shoulders are well rounded, and the flesh tints exquisitely tender. It is, altogether, a creditable and happy effort.

No. 24, FLOWER GIRL—J. E. FREEMAN, N.A.—This is the same subject who appears in the laughing girl in No. 8, but with a different aspect.

No. 25, PORTRAIT OF A LADY—GEORGE A. BAKER, N.A.—A positive lady, in an oval frame, but hung too high for us to form an opinion of its merits.

No. 26, THE BROKEN STRAY—EDW. HOYT, N.A.—MR. MASTER JOHN HOWARD—A. FISHER, A.—No. 27, PORTRAIT OF A GIRL—F. SCHLEGEL.—These three atrocities are very properly placed up against the ceiling, where they cannot be seen.

No. 28, THE FORTUNE-TELLER—W. M. HUNT.—It is a difficult matter to criticize or even offer an opinion of a work like this; for it is quite impossible to discern the meaning of the artist, or to divine the reason of his adopting so strange a method of expressing his ideas. If we knew that an artist, from any idiosyncrasy of vision or from the necessities of his position, was compelled to make use of fragments that have the look and complexion of dried mushrooms with a vehicle of soap, we might make all allowances for his peculiarities, and still admire his dexterity in overcoming difficulties, and the latent power manifested in his productions. But such is not the case with Mr. Hunt; he is very certain, and we are forced to believe that his painting is an extraordinary manner is simply an attempt to imitate the errors or eccentricities of a popular artist.

It is surprising that a young artist, who possesses such natural capacity as this picture displays, should voluntarily abandon the fascinating resources of his art, the charms of color and chiaroscuro, to give his work the appearance of being seen through a dirty ground glass, which destroys the brilliancy of the local coloring, and renders the outlines and expression of objects indistinct and uncertain. But, after all, there is great ability in this picture of the Fortune-Teller, though it is quite destitute of meaning and sentiment. It illustrates nothing, and tells no story. All that it contains might be expressed on your thumb nail; but it is a large canvas, and the figures are life-size. A young mother holds a nearly naked child upon her knees, and a haggard old bedlam, the fortune-teller, points to the infant's hand. The drawing and expression of the figures are extremely good, and the color—such as it is—is harmonious. The child is admirably posed, and the action of its limbs perfectly expresses the disgust and terror it feels at the haggard look of the old crone. It is, in short, a very good picture, without any particular meaning—well done in a very bad style.

No. 31, THE THIRSTY DRIVER—F. W. EDMONDS.—Mr. Edmonds is the most unimaginative artist that ever put figures upon canvas. All his heads belong, not only to the same family, but to the same person. They have all the same monstrous eyes and thick lips, without any exception, in all the pictures he has exhibited. His subjects are not only low, but common. The Thirsty Driver is a stout man on horseback, who takes a brown mug from a young girl; it is a roadside farm house in a dilapidated condition, and the surroundings are characteristic of slovenliness and poverty. The driver is badly drawn, and sits on his horse as though he had no spine.

No. 32, LAKE PLEASANT—E. TERRY.—A cold and monotonous landscape, which may have some merit as a view of a certain locality, but has little or none as a picture.

No. 33, ARGUING THE POINT: STILLING THE PRESIDENT—A. P. TAIT, A.—Mr. Tait does not appear to advantage in this picture. It is excessively commonplace, in the manner of Mount, but without Mount's degree of characterization.

No. 34, PORTRAIT OF A LADY—J. B. STEARNS, N.A.—MR. STEARNS gives the actualities of his sisters with a good deal of vigor and precision; but he does not transmit through the slenderness of a defining and nobling imagination, as a painter ought to do, if he can.

No. 35, THE HON. ZADOC PRATT—CHAS. L. ELIOTT, N.A.—We have seen a good many portraits of the Hon. Zadoc, but we have never seen one before that looked so unlike him; it is not one of Mr. Elliott's successes.

No. 36, STILL HUNT—G. W. WATERS.—If we had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Waters, we would like to ask him upon what principle he named his picture. A solitary man, standing up in his ankles in snow, with a gun at his shoulder, is not particularly suggestive of a still hunt; but we must confess it does not suggest anything else.

No. 37, VIEW AMONG THE CATSKILLS—EDWARD C. POST.—What is the use of putting pictures up against the ceiling where nobody can see them? It is a way they have at the National Academy we know; but still, we do not see the good of it. This view among the Catskills may be equal to Turner or Cole, for aught we know, but we cannot afford to dislocate our neck in trying to inspect it.

No. 38, PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN—D. D. W. JAMES BOGLE, A. D. D. W.—Whoever may stand behind those mysterious and tantalizing initials with the dash, is a very respectable person in appearance; and Mr. Bogle has given a very good, but not what might be called a splendid portrait of him.

No. 39, THE VISIT OF CONSOLATION—ERWIN WHITE, N.A.—A large, unmeaning picture; a rufous-looking fellow in a purple robe, a stone floor, and a smiling young woman sit looking at him. The tone of the color is good, but the consolation to be derived from the visit to it is not found.

No. 40, EDWIN SHILDEN—SAMUEL LAWRENCE.—Who is Edwin Shilden? and who is Samuel Lawrence? We have nothing more to say about No. 40.

No. 41, MILL AT HALTAM, N.S.—J. H. HILL.—This is just what it pretends to be, the portrait of a mill—a windmill and nothing more. But very good in its kind and imaginative way.

No. 42, THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER—J. B. STEARNS, N.A.—Catch us criticizing an artist's daughter.

No. 43, A SYMBOL—A. B. DURAND, P. N.A.—"As some tall cliff." &c. We trust the reader will pardon us for not copying the four lines from Goldsmith's Deserted Village which Mr. Durand has put into the catalogue as an apology for his picture. He attempted to illustrate the poet's wholly misused his meaning, and has given only the simile and not the subject of the verses. Symbolical landscapes are just the greatest abominations in art. We are really loth to speak in this decided, and perhaps some will call harsh, manner, because we know that the respected head of the Academy has a weakness for things of the kind. We have even seen a landscape of his representing the whole of Bryant's Thanatopsis; and what can be done for an insatiable enthusiasm who will go on perpetrating such evidences of sheer fantasy on canvas? A landscape, nothing but a landscape. It is not a moral essay, and no possible arrangement of rocks and trees can give them an ethical character. A tree is nothing but a tree, and the moment you attempt to convert it into a sermon it loses all its ethereal beauty. God never intended that the external beauties of the earth should be put to such uses. There are some remarkably nice points in this symbolical landscape of Mr. Durand's. The trees in the foreground are exceedingly well put in; the top of the mountain is good if you can imagine

yourself in a position to see it; but, truly, we don't see where the spectator could place himself to take the view which the picture presents us. If above the clouds, we couldn't see the village; and if below, we could not see the village and the mountain-top at the same time. The picture, however, is good in parts, and characterized by some of Mr. Durand's best qualities. But—

No. 44, PORTRAITS OF CHILDREN—H. PETERA GREAT, N.A.—Mr. Gray's paintings have one unflinching good point. They are never glaring. His heads are always subdued, and we dare say, a good many people wish that he would sometimes vary his monotonous tone and put a little light and sunshine into his pictures. There could never have been a better opportunity of doing it than in this representation of two fine boys, with one of them mounted on a rocking horse. But the boys are solemn and lifeless looking, with no more feeling or sensation in their countenances than there is in the head of the rocking horse. We once saw the portrait of a boy on a rocking horse, who looked like a budding conqueror destined to tame a Buo phallus and ride into the midst of a battle. He was full of life, movement, poetry and the bubbling sparkle of youth. But it was not the work of Mr. Gray.

No. 45, THE SISTERS—WM. VER BRICK.—Two feeble-looking young women with their heads under a green parol, and hung close up under the ceiling.

No. 46, KOKAN KISS—A. NICHOLS.—Very brown and out of sight.

No. 47, EMILY P. LINDENBERG—JAS. H. CUFFERT, N.A.—This picture is not at all creditable to Mr. Cuffert's talents. It is large and staring; but the subject is not at all well represented.

No. 48, THE WREATH OF WILD FLOWERS—JOHN T. PIERCE, A.—If this were the only picture in the room it would alone constitute a sufficient attraction to draw those who have a love for art, and a capacity to feel when it is employed in its most beneficent and refining manner. Here are four little children, three girls and a boy, engaged in tying a wreath of flowers round the head of their little sister. It is redolent of the innocent period of human life, and invested with the charms of the purest pleasures. Such sweetness, tenderness, and gentleness, are not often so purely expressed in a work of art. There is nothing glaring nor meretricious about it; the heart melts to look at it. It is the sentiment, the poetry, the religion of humanity that are embodied in these lovely images; and the flowers, and all the accessories, are full of loveliness and nature. We have had a strong liking for Prince Albert ever since we learned that he purchased the first picture which Mr. Pierce exhibited in London.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.—No. VII.

WASHINGTON, Monday, April 7, 1856.

A matinee, and what the deuce is a matinee? Well, sit down, O neophyte from the Far West, while my hair is being curled, and we will be philosophical over a matinee. I will give you a fact, and the reason for it. We imitate and borrow, and sometimes steal, all our ideas of a social character from civilization over the water. And we would imitate the same originals in our business pursuits, but cannot. Now find the reason for a matinee. Our limited society and our original modes of business will not run together, but clash and play, like cracked bells, most discordantly. In Paris night is turned into day. Under the shades of evening the world sits down to dine, and near midnight the world meets in salons to make merry, and separate for bed just as the cold twilight of early dawn steals through the carriage windows. Blessed light of noon! how often have I felt it falling refreshingly into my heated brain, while the memory of multitudinous voices lingered in the ear, and the mind's eye sought refuge from the dazzling glare of light. Half sleeping in the swinging coach, I saw the bright stars fading, "while the light couriers of the 'early morn' start up along the East."

But this has nothing to do with our matinee, so back to the starting point. The business hours of money-getting America and the imitated social arrangement will not harmonize. The unhappy occupant of office, or counting-room, when exhausted by twelve hours' pursuit of the almighty dollar, is generally called upon to air his gloves, don his choker, and dance attendance at a midnight levee. Goodness knows, under this state of affairs, an appearance at 7 o'clock, and return to quiet beds long before the drowsy watchman sings into the ear of night, "half-past twelve and a stormy morning." But no! Smith and family arrive at 10—no sooner, perhaps at 11, and, if extremely excessive, by 12. At these witching hours the foreign music bells sound, and the hostess, in the last stages of exhaustion, receives her guests in a like state. This endures until artificial stimulants, such as bad liquors hid in frozen compounds, give a fearful welcome to Smiths and family, and for four or five hours the entertainment, becoming insane, continues to run with untold pressure to the square mile. Now every mother's son of this gray assemblage is engaged in business, and knows, while thus losing his sleep and cultivating dyspepsia, that he must be up by 7 to strong coffee and hot rolls, and in his counting-room by 9 or 10 at the latest. When this process comes to be repeated, our good society breaks down damnable and the latter end of a season alternates into sickness and gloom. Some eccentric individual in Europe once gave a morning reception; a thoughtful genius in our land saw in this a remedy for an evil, and matinees at one time became the rage. Hence our matinee.

But what need of a matinee in Washington—here are no counting-rooms demanding with such tyranny the entire day?

Don't ask such troublesome questions, and let us be carried, for the hour is at hand. The curtains are drawn—the lights are in a blaze—music rolls softly out, and from the glare of day, with the turn of a knob, night is upon us. What delicious magic! The change is not in these lights and sounds alone. Each face puts on another look. Complexions, doubtful in the unassuming glare of day, catch ten years of youth from the shutting door. How the features soften down, and the spirits lighten up! We pay our respects to the presiding genius, and now to a corner where, unobserved, we may be observers. What light, life, and coming, going, dancing, flirting, talking, eating and drinking! There is—the best humored and most graphic of creatures. We must have him to tell us of the crowd. He shall be our chorus.

"Who are these males? My dear friend, a great crowd of nothing—a heterogeneous mass of nobodies—K.N.'s by nature. Do we not know that the Senate is at the moment in session—grinding away upon the Naval Board? All the efficient officers have been expatriated, and their friends are firing great guns into the promoted. Above the House the stars and stripes are flapping, while below Sam and Sambo hold the South uneasy. The Courts are busy, and the Departments thronged as beehives. What individual man, having a mission, can patronize a matinee—dance attendance in a lady's chamber to the ladies—some of two fiddles and a trombone?"

The ladies, then, are here in full force—hoops, heels, puffs, powders, diamonds, and dimity, laces and fascinating glances. Dear creatures! Would you ask me, Do I know them? I would answer, I would tell you—Nonsense! Certainly it is. Such stuff as Washington life is made of. Dancing in bonnets and shawls, to the merry music of their careless hearts—to say nothing of the two fiddles and trombone before mentioned. One sees such things in gardens beyond the briary deep. Well, why not? Art is strong, and life is fleeting.

"That lady! Why, where have you had yourself, not to know that celebrity? Fair, fat and forty. That is Madame—You should see her at night, when she flashes out in diamonds. Oh! well do I remember the night when first we met—now many, many years ago—years that have thinned my locks and added to her weight. The first were thick, dark and lustrous—the other slender and sylph-like. This was my first entrance into fashionable life, at one of Monsieur Bodoc's birth-night balls. The world saw then a youth, fresh from college. Oh! ever-memorable night. I was under the care of Senator—"

As we entered the house, two tall specimens of humanity, dressed very like militia generals, met us at the door. Thinking them distinguished people, I bowed low and solemnly. They stared and bowed. The scene was impressive. "Go on," said my companion, the Senator before mentioned; "don't be ashamed to tell these fellows, they are servants—give them your cloak." The information was useful but unpleasant. I hurried on, pulling off my cloak as I went. Just within the first door of the drawing-room stood a fat, little, old gentleman, bowing alone, but not magnificently gotten up as my first acquaintances. Certain of my game now, I, in the most superb style, threw over him my cloak and hurried on. Senator—pulled me back, and to the astonished little fellow, now struggling from under my broadcloth, I was presented. I had nearly smothered the Honorable Minister, who, however, laughed merrily at the mistake.

"My indomitable, grave Senator, became evidently alarmed. He hardly knew what I would accomplish next, and left me, soon as he possibly could, to my fate. I wandered about rather desolate. The lights, music, dancing, fun, and laughter, were all novelties and charming for a while, but I knew no one, and after an hour's looking on, hunted up my friend, the Senator, and begged him to introduce me to some of the young ladies. He hesitated a moment and then consented, and I was led up and presented to a magnificent creature I had long looked upon with silent admiration. Miss W.—was seated in an easy nonchalant manner, conversing with a circle of gentlemen, and favored me with a gracious nod. As I stood wondering whether this was to be the end of my introduction, a mustached dandy came between us and said:—Miss W.—'permit me to relate the joke of the season.' To my horror he began the story of the cloak. My first impulse was to knock him down, my second to run away, on my third I acted. Interrupting the exquisite, I said:—'Begging your pardon, Sir, but Miss W.—I am the only person who can do justice to that joke—and containing. I related it, without in any way sparing myself. She laughed heartily, as did the circle, and rising from her chair, took my arm, saying kindly, that I must be cared for, for I should never see some one. With a grace and kindness I shall never forget she placed me at ease."

"I conversed rapidly. I even grew amusing as we danced and promenaded. When supper was announced, I was her escort. I hastened to supply my belly of the ball with refreshments. She washed an ice-cream and I attacked a pyramid. With a broad silver knife I cut away valiantly. The frozen substance gave slowly at first; then, while my entire strength was exerted, gave way suddenly. I was not prepared for this, and, to my horror, about a pound of that refreshing substance flew past Miss W.—and hit an aged lady full in the eye. Now, ice cream used as a lichen is not pleasant, especially when applied with the unexpected force of a bombshell. The elderly female gave a fearful scream, and, falling back, upset a table on which stood a bowl of stewed oysters. Before this aged guest could be fished out of the frightful wreck, and while the crash and screams were ringing in my ears, I fled—fled the city. It was my first and last appearance at a birth-night ball."

"Let me escort you to your carriage. Our matinee is ended."

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

A LOST WORK ON CHRIST COME TO LIGHT.—Palestine's work on the "Benefit of Christ's Death," first published in 1544, of which the original has long been supposed to be lost, has been recovered in an Italian edition of 1843, and published in England, with a French translation of 1851. These were found in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge. The English version, made in 1548, by Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, is also added. This book had an immense popularity in the sixteenth century. Forty thousand copies were issued in Venice alone, and was translated into Spanish, as well as French and English. Paley, for his advocacy of the Reformed religion, especially in the matter of "Justification," suffered martyrdom under Pius V. in 1570. The whole Roman Catholic influence was directed to the extermination of his work, and with such success that, Rankin says, "it has entirely disappeared."

TEACHING OF THE EPISTOLAR.—Two American scholars, of no small repute, have translated the Book of Epistles now in press. One of these *facile* *prose* in the progress of the New Testament, is the Rev. Dr. Hodge; the other, of not less note in his own communion, and very favorably known of it, is the Rev. Dr. Turner of the General Theological Seminary, Episcopalian.

SLAVERY IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.—The Rev. Dr. Kingsley of Allegheny College, advocates a change in the discipline of the Methodist Church, to the effect that "no slaveholder shall be eligible to membership in our Church, hereafter where emancipation can be effected without injury to the slave."

PROTESTANTISM IN HUNGARY.—The Protestant school-teachers in Hungary are very poorly paid. Many of them have only 50 francs a year. The professors in the higher schools often have only 212, so that they and our scholars to beg for them. Even this privilege is now forbidden by the Government, and the condition of things is discouraging indeed.

CHURCH LAND ASSOCIATION.—A Society for the purchasing of sites for churches in destitute regions at the West has been for some time in operation among the Episcopals, having headquarters at Chicago. At a late meeting the title of the Association was changed to that of Western Church Extension Society, and is to have for its field of operation the dioceses of Wisconsin and Iowa, and the Territories of Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska. Its Board of Managers consists of sixteen laymen, in different States.

AMERICA IN PRAYER.—The Rev. Dr. Wayland, in a notice on the principles and practices of the Baptist Churches, condemns the practice of sitting in prayer, and recommends kneeling.

THE REV. MR. CAIRD'S SERMON AMONG THE UNITARIANS.—The London Inquirer says: "The sermon delivered by the Rev. J. Caird before the 'Queen,' and published at her Majesty's request, was preached last Sunday, in English and Welsh, at the Unitarian Chapel in Caermarthen, by the Rev. Dr. Lloyd, to very full audiences. Many orthodox persons were present, who, on leaving the chapel, expressed themselves highly delighted with the sermon. Some of the usual attendants replied that they had the pleasure of bearing such sentiments 'every Sunday at that chapel. This sermon has created a good deal of sensation in the town among persons belonging to all sects, and its having been preached twice at the Unitarian Chapel has been the means of removing many prejudices against Unitarianism.'

BAPTIST MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA.—The Baptist Missionary Society's Deputation, Mr. Underhill, has effected several important changes in the Missions of that Society in California. They have resolved to leave the management of the native churches to their elected native officers; to require the native churches to support their pastors; to teach only the vernacular, even in the schools for training ministers; to employ native or Christian teachers in any of their schools, &c. These changes meet the entire concurrence of the missionaries.

AMERICAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.—The Journal of Missions gives a statement of the American Board for foreign years, which discloses some unexpected facts. There has been some considerable advance in the annual income of the Board during this period, yet the greatest amount given in any one of the years was in 1849, when the donations amounted to \$277,652. The largest amount of legacies was in 1848, when it reached \$43,037. The greatest debt existed in 1848, when it amounted to \$39,391. In 1851, the debt amounted to \$43,037. The total amount of donations in all this period, is \$2,514,314, of legacies, \$671,192. The amount of donations has been very fluctuating in different years.

CLERGYMEN AND GAMBLING.—The Rev. Thomas Whittemore, editor of *The Universalist Trumpet*, had the good luck to draw a portrait of Washington, valued at \$100, at a fair in Dedham, Mass., and being reproached for countenancing gambling, defends this mode of obtaining money for worthy objects, as having only the resemblance of gambling and not its immorality.

COLORED CHURCHES AT THE SOUTH.—New Orleans has three colored Methodist Episcopal churches, and three colored local preachers who are slaves, as are most of the twelve hundred communicants—one is the driver of a dray, another a carpenter and the third a porter in a wholesale coffee store; over all is a white pastor, appointed by the Louisiana conference.

HONORARY DEGREE CONFERRED.—The Rev. John Young, M.A., has received from the Senatus Academicus of the University of Edinburgh, the degree of L. D. He owes this distinction to the opinion formed of his merits from his well-known treatise entitled "The Christ of History."

MEMORIALS OF THE DOGMATIC PROMULGATION.—By order of the Pope, marble tablets bearing the names of all the Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops who went to Rome last year on the occasion of the promulgation of the Immaculate Conception are being placed around the choir of St. Peter's at Rome.

METHODISM IN THE CHINA.—It is said that there are two hundred Methodist soldiers in the British army in the China, that meetings are held regularly on the Sabbath for worship, and in the course of the week as often as possible. The soldiers occupy for this purpose a small Greek church. A missionary has been sent to them, and they contribute out of their pay for the support of Missions.

AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—The American Missionary Society, after the urgent appeals made for funds, have not equalled the expectations of the officers, while drafts from the missionaries for their usual moderate expenses equal, of course, the sums heretofore allowed them. At the present rate, the contributions for the year will be insufficient to pay the debt due at the commencement of the fiscal year, and sustain the missionaries and teachers now in the field, to say nothing of the applications received every week for an increase of missionary effort.

CLERGYMEN AND THE ENGLISH MARRIAGE LAW.—A case was recently reported in the English papers where a clergyman was tried on the charge of deliberately breaking the present marriage law of England, by readministering a marriage which had been previously performed by a Dissenting minister. Another clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Benson, is reported as having refused to perform the churching service for a woman married by the Government Registrar. Accordingly, the woman and her husband consented to be remarried by the clergyman, and the ceremony was privately performed without license or publication of banns; after which the woman was regularly churching. Proceedings have been instituted by the Secretary of State against the Rev. Mr. Benson, who is bailed to stand bail at the next assizes.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.—The Report of the Methodist Book Concern for the year 1855, presented to the Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Baltimore, states that the periodicals, except *The Christian Advocate*, failed to meet the expenses of their publication. The assets of the Concern amount to \$738,377.36, against which there are liabilities to the amount of \$170,249.61, which leaves the large amount of \$568,127.75 as capital stock.

THE CATHOLIC PARTY IN PRUSSIA.—In the Second Chamber of the new Prussian Parliament there are nineteen Catholic priests and four Protestant clergymen. The Catholic party is thus strongly represented, and will hold power, as in the last Parliament, the balance of power between the two great political parties. In the war question the Catholics side almost unanimously with the Allies.

FOREIGN PROTESTANTISM.—M. Bansen has at length alarmed the Germans. The Lutherans and the Reformed are everywhere exclaiming at his statements, that the doctrine of Christ's Divinity is not vital to the Christian scheme, and that justification by faith is an essential point. In Bavaria the living has been having considerable sensation. The converts in the Diocese of Wurzburg have been formally excommunicated. Much excitement prevails in Sweden in consequence of the spread of a desire for religious liberty. The State Protestantism is vindictive and maintaining itself by unscrupulous tyranny. There is persecution, too, in Geneva, where the Roman Catholic Bishop has again been obliged to retire by popular violence.

EUROPEAN MISSIONS.—The churches founded in India by the English Baptists contain about 2,000 members; in Ceylon, nearly 500; in Africa, about 120. In Bengal there are about 90 native churches, embracing in all more than 15,000 professors of religion.

MR. BECKER ON "SPIRITUALISM."—The Rev. H. W. Beecher, in reply to a letter, inquiring his views on modern Spiritualism, says that he has no doubt that there are various and surprising phenomena in "Spiritual circles," quite worthy of scientific investigation; but he avows himself a stout unbeliever in the Spiritual origin of the phenomena, either by good spirits or bad spirits, or any spirits whatever. He says that, so far as his own observation extends, Spiritualism has seemed to weaken the hold of its believers upon the Bible, and he should regard the general adoption of the modern spiritualistic doctrines as no better than a march of infidelity in the garments of Faith.

UNITARIANISM AND CALVINISM.—The *Christian Inquirer*, the Unitarian organ in this city, thinks that one great reason why the numerical results of Unitarianism are not more conspicuous is, that it has done so much in modifying Calvinism. Calvinistic ministers, says *The Inquirer*, preach so differently from what they formerly did, that the humane and the enlightened are less tempted to leave their ministrations than they were when the Unitarian controversy commenced.

ANOTHER FRANK OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.—The Rev. W. W. Patton of Hartford, Conn., addressed a letter to the Rev. Dr. Hallock, Secretary of the Tract Society, offering in behalf of his Church, a premium of \$100 for the best tract on Slavery. Dr. H